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VANITY FAIR.

Saturday,
JUNE 2,
1860.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

HENRY BONSALL,
CONVEYANCER,
No. 416 Walnut-street,
PHILADELPHIA.

VANITY FAIR.

The interest of FRANK J. THOMPSON in this paper ceases from this date.

All persons having claims against him, as publisher of VANITY FAIR, will please present them for settlement at the office, 113 Nassau-street, to

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Apr. 23d. Publisher for the Proprietors.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Publisher of VANITY FAIR begs to call the attention of advertisers to the fact that he has recently effected an arrangement for the introduction of the paper upon the principal rail-road routes throughout the country, thus materially increasing its effectiveness as an advertising medium.

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VANITY FAIR

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LADY.—You had better take my advice, Sambo, and se the Japanese Polish

SAMBO.—I'se feared I must, "Missus, dat ar Mas-a erry takes de shine out of dis chile sure. I golly! on't dem boots of yourn glisten! It only took a minute to put dat ar Japanese Polish on em wid a sponge, and my old elbow has been going hard for de st half hour wid dis ere paste blacking, but I can't ring out no such gloss as dat ar, no how—I shall hab o gub em up beat, dat's a fact.

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The knowledge of this simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial samples of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M.D.,
State Assayer,
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DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING.

There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column

A CHEERFUL PROPOSITION.

Fast Man, in search of a "dorg."—"BUT I WANT A YOUNG DOG—A PUP, IN FACT. NOW I SHOULD SAY THAT THAT FELLOW WAS QUITE FULL GROWN."

"Dorg" Vender.—"FULL GROWN! WHY HE AIN'T NOTHING MORE'N A BABY. JEST DRAW YOUR HAND THROUGH HIS MOUTH, AND YOU'LL FIND HE'S GOT HIS MILK TEETH YET!"

Judah in Japan.

The *Tribune*, in an elaborate description of the Japanese, states as follows, with regard to the officers of the lower grades.

"Their coats are all marked with the stamp of the particular prince whom they serve."

From this we infer that there must be a Chatham Street in Yeddo, inhabited by princely individuals in the ready made clothing line, outside whose palatial mansions are hung garments in great variety, ticketed with the fascinating stamps of the noble dealer, which probably set forth in Japanese some such inducements to purchasers as—— "Elegant, only $5"—— "Bong Tong, at a sacrifice"—— "Gent's Delight, $4"—— "Tycoon Stripe, superb, $9."

Boston Relieved of a Cruel Doubt.

Gen. Cass thinks the Japanese will come to Boston.—*The Village Paper.*

How very kind of the Japanese, and how very nice for Boston! Rather than not see the Embassy, we suppose Boston would have come on to New York, but for the General's timely opinion onthe matter. LELAND could easily quarter the village over the Japanese Apartments.

Keep quiet, little Boston! Itshall see the Pretty Pretties bye and bye!

Supererogatory.

A morning paper takes some pains to inform its readers "How Lincoln Stands at Home," as if every one did not know that, in the exceeding joyousness of his heart, he Stands Drinks.

An Affair of Honor vs. An Honorable Affair.

We wonder how it is that MR. JOE. JEFFERSON avoids fighting a duel; not an evening passes that he is not Called Out.

OUR STRONG MAN.

Dr. WINDSHIP has written to the *Spirit of the Times*, and given an account of the means he adopted in the acquisition of his muscle. While we are perfectly willing to give the Doctor all the credit he deserves for his physical development, we cannot altogether accord him the position of the strongest man in the world. To this claim Our Strong Contributor puts in his veto in the following form, showing how he has brought himself to his extraordinary muscularity. Hear him:

When I was young, just budding into manhood, I was not strong. I was only two feet in height, and weighed eleven hundred and thirty-two pounds four ounces. Nor yet was I very stout. I frequently found my tailor's and shoemaker's bills too heavy for me, and many times before I was up on my practice, a couple of bottles of wine would be a load. Practice and care has enabled me to overcome much of this, and I feel that I am only doing justice to my fellow man to make public the cause which has led to such happy results.

1st. I breathed an abundance of air, in fact I breathed air all the time.

2d. I have exposed myself to the moon.

3d. I have invariably dined at Delmonico's when I could do so, and elsewhere when I could not.

4th. I have drank less than a quart of spirituous liquor daily, and always gone the "straight" thing.

5th. I have walked up Broadway at least twice a week.

6th. I have confined myself to a dozen cigars per diem, putting in the odd whiffs with a pipe.

7th. I have conformed to the customs of society, dined out whenever I was invited, gone to all the hops, and whatever else was not at variance with my taste.

8th. As punctuation is the thief of time, I have shunned the latter as much as possible, never coming to it if it could be avoided.

9th. I have developed my moustache, and not entirely neglected my whiskers.

10th. I have poisoned myself as little as possible with boarding-house fare, and have not eaten any thing more indigestible than Welch rarebits and olives.

11th. I have allowed myself a fair proportion of rest, say twenty hours in twenty-four, with an occasional nap in the afternoon.

12th. I have paid due regard to cleanliness, by washing my face on the 1st and 15th of every month, taking a bath on the 4th of July, and a scraping at Christmas.

13th. I have been particular to wear my clothes, and patronize first class tailors, impressing it upon them to give my well-shaped limbs proper display.

By rigidly following these rules I have increased my height to eighteen feet, fourteen inches, and my weight to a hundred and ten pounds. I am able to carry four bottles, and to bear the burden of a sinecure in the Custom House. I can lift my salary regularly every month, and stand under any quantity of the heavy matter printed in the Sunday papers. I have been enabled to put down an impertinent hackman, and to raise a loan on collateral. Having been always sound on the goose, I have no doubt that, if I could obtain the nomination, I could carry my Ward and go into the Assembly.

All this I have achieved in less than ten years.

Brilliant Idea.

The idea has gone abroad that those eternal Japanese are highly polished; also that American Democracy is not highly polished. This latter will not continue to be the case very long, however, since, according to the daily reports, whenever the NO-KAMES appear in public our people rush up and Rub hard against them—no doubt with the intention of Taking the Shine Off Them.

Sporting Item.

Little E. M. of Brooklyn Heights condescends to inform us that, according to his thermometrical observations, the temperature of Union Course, Long Island, is invariably high—Blood Heat. (N. B. Fan yourself now! ED.)

Information Wanted.

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED, from the Chicago Convention, a gentleman a little past middle age, of prepossessing appearance and polished manners, named WILLIAM H. SEWARD. He held a prominent position before the Convention for some time, but on the 18th ult., suddenly disappeared; since which time, nothing has been heard of him in the political world. It is thought that he has retired to hang up his fiddle, in consequence of not having been able to come up to the scratch; or he may have gone to Rochester to repress a certain "conflict" with which he was familiar, though he formerly considered it "irrepressible." Any information of his political whereabouts will be thankfully received by his heart-broken friends of the Albany Regency. Address THURLOW WEED, Esq., any time between this and 1864.

°°° Eastern, Northern, and Western papers please copy (and give credit to VANITY FAIR.)

PUNNING MADE EASY.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

Several years ago, a young man who had heard I was a Punster, came to me to get six new puns to go into company with. I gave him good puns on supper-table, accordeon, concentration, Will you walk on the porch, spring-fever, and righteousness. The incident suggested to me at the time the want of a General Text Book on the Art, and of late these applications having become a continual annoyance, determined me to publish it, and enable all men to make their own puns, and leave me in quiet. And I trust that in time, we shall speak a picturesque language, in which every word shall be a pun, instead of the silly jargon that every one understands.

Of my ability I need not speak. Those who know *me*, need no conviction; those who do not, know nothing. If I cannot do it, who can? It was me that made the great pun on HIEROGLYPHIC, which no one else knows, and remains unpublished till after my death. I claim thoroughly to understand the mystery, and whoever comprehends my teaching, is thenceforth able to Pun at Sight on any given word. My system enables a man to take up the Dictionary, and pun straight on, without exception, from Aaronical to Zurishaddai.

What is the Pun?—Nine out of ten philosophers I have personally questioned, replied, "a Pun is a play upon words." The tenth who is an inveterate transcendentalist, mistook my question for a conundrum, and is now searching for its answer. That it is a play upon words, has been well ridiculed by another metaphysician, in the following syllogism:—A pun is a play upon words; a fire engine squirting on a sign is a play upon words; therefore, a fire-engine is a pun. To say that the fire-engine *is* upon the ground, would be a sophistry easily refuted by putting stones under the wheels.

Lexicographers who define the Pun as a quibble, a low species of wit, merely lower themselves below the level of the brute. These men, though capable of drawing general proportions, are ignorant of those little distinctions that make a Dictionary interesting.

Thomas Carlyle defines man as an incarnate word. Every word is a pun, consequently the pun is a man. The word not being given by Carlyle, it cannot be stated as a conundrum.

The Pun may then be correctly defined as a man, a male individual of the human race, of adult years or growth; a moveable piece at chess or draughts.

Entering my studio the other day, I found my pupil, a young man of excellent capacity, standing at the blackboard in a statuesque attitude, analyzing a problem I had given him. From the classic expression of his features, it was evident he was thinking in Greek, a habit which I recommend to all illiterate people, as a great assistance in metaphysical reflection. To it I ascribe that profound obscurity which is the charm of my own productions. Almanzor, said I, looking at the blackboard which was covered with signs, how have you succeeded? The solution, he replied, is unattainable, and re-stated the problem;—What is the difference between an Artist's Best Production, and our secret feelings in relation to the Bearded Woman?—That is not hard, said I smiling, and taking the chalk, thus expressed it:—

ANALYSIS OF A CONUNDRUM.

Let A stand for the Artist's Best Production.

Let B stand for the Bearded Woman.

Now let E C represent the relation of A to B, and let D F that of B to A.

Let Y represent their difference, and O represent their resemblance.

Then as E C is to A, so is D F to B.

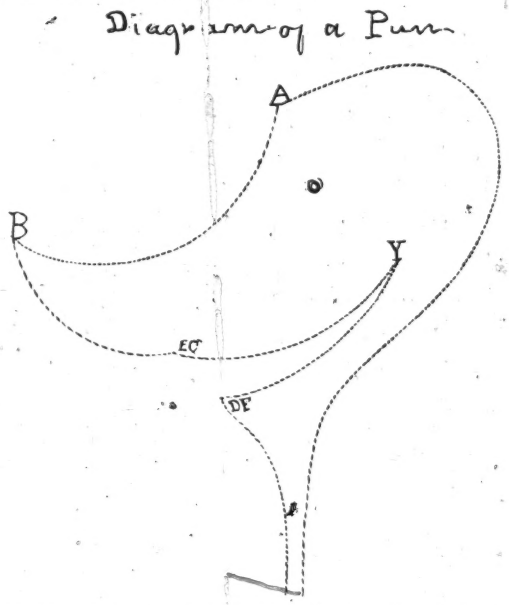
As Y is to A, so is not A to O.

As O is to B, so is B not to Y.

Then let E C—Y = D F, and let D F + O = E C, and the result triumphantly follows:

D F + O — Y = A, and E C — Y = B = A + B = C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, &c.

And the answer is evident. Translated from the symbols it reads: One is a chef d' œuvre, the other is a do shave her.



Noticing that my pupil looked solemn I continued, do you not comprehend? Is it not clear as day—or shall I go over the analysis again? No, no, he replied, it is unnecessary. Then, said I, you can have for your next lesson variations on the leading idea, such as, if we do shave her, will it *raise her* anger, will it *erase her* beard, will *d'œuvre, do for* a joke, &c., and dismissing him, I began exercising violently in punning, to get an appetite for dinner.

Animated with enthusiasm, confident of his own powers, and eager to begin, I now see before me the young Punster, searching for a word. Let him beware of precipitate haste, and polysyllables. It is best to begin with some well established, and standard pun of an old master, in which error is impossible. The first pun of which we have authentic record, naturally appeared with the first murder. CAIN, then, is the word the pupil should select, restricting himself for a few weeks, solely to its combinations with *Cane*. He may then take up *Kane*, and afterwards *Can*, in its two meanings of *capable*, and *tin utensil*. After practising these till perfectly familiar with their capacities, he can use them effectively, with *Abel, able, a bell, a bill, a ball, a bull, a bowl, a boil*, etc. This is a very popular pun, and universally understood. I make it myself, once a week with great benefit.

If I should be asked the secret of my success, I should reply, Development! Development! Development! Unsatisfied with a simple pun, I systematically develop it into complexity. Given any word, and I invariably pun through all the vowels, and carry it into the dipthongs. For instance, dipthong, dipethong, dapthong, dapethong, depthong, deepthong, dopthong, dopethong, dupthong, dupethong, dowpthong, and doipthong. These are not puns, *strictly*, but could easily be made such.

Brougham is a good punster, and might be, if he devoted his whole attention to the art, a great one, but ignorance of my great principle, spoils many of his finest opportunities. In his tragedy of Pochahontas, occurs this very subtle example of the highest style of the art:—

"You bloody butcher, you may bet your life." Butcher, and bet your, is brilliant and original. Yet why did he neglect, *badger, bade you, abate your nuisance, Beecher, bite chewer o-bituary, botcher, boot-sure*, etc.? Clearly because he did not fully comprehend this principle of development, which is almost infinite in its results. There is no finer word in the language than Butcher, but *cher ami*, justice is not granted it in the tragedy.

(To be Continued.)

Mere Intangible Spectres.

The Police In-spectors.

ANOTHER "TWO SHILLING" CANDIDATE.

1st Colored Person.—ABE, IS YESE GWINE TO GUV UP DE WITE WASHIN' PERFESSION, EH!

2d Colored Person.—YES, 'DEED I IS—GWINE TO SPLIT RAILS NOW—BOBBOLITIONISTS MAKE UM PRESIDENT—P'RAPS—YAH! YAH!

Both.—YAH! YAH!

HENRY versus HORACE!

We trust that we are pacific in our tendencies. We believe in fun, but have no particular taste for fighting. Phrenologically, we suppose that our combativeness may be mildly stated at about one-half of 0, and our mirthfulness at 538. To be sure, when we embarked on our jaunt of jollity, and crusade of cachinnation; when we undertook the reformation of the human race by judicious appeals to the midriff, we provided ourselves not merely with pens, but with a pugilist. It was the error of our youth to suppose that blood would run in rivers down our stairs, and that every bon-mot might result in bloody murder. We, therefore, started with a CHAMPION. We scoffed at expense. Our Man of Might had a fresh dirk for every day in the week, and two fresh ones for the day of publication. He had a revolver for every finger, and might, if he had desired it, have had one for every toe also. The barrels of gunpowder which were put into the cellars of this establishment were really Guy Fauxy in number and size; and le1 to the interference of the police, and to the substitution of a corresponding number of barrels of beer, to which we are obliged to say the Champion did not object. He received his orders in writing, and from the whole Five Hundred we extract the following:

1. Should Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT invade the office, you will shoot him down the moment you catch his eye.

2. Should Mr. HORACE GREELEY enter without his usual smile, offer him one from our private closet, without a moment's delay.

3. Should Mr. HENRY J. RAYMOND appear, gaze sternly upon him, and command him to define his position; and if he does not instantly depart upon receiving this request, send for a policemen, for you may be sure that he "means wenom."

4. Should these gentlemen come in together, leave the room, lock the door, and return in one hour to remove the fragments.

We now think that these precautions, involving as they did, immense expense, were totally unnecessary; and our Champion at present officiates as Porter in a second-hand Quaker coat and pacific lamb's wool shirt, his suit of armor, by the kind permission of P. T. BARNUM, Esq., having been disposed of at the recent Great Sale of Odds and Ends at the Museum. We have gone further. We have joined the Peace Society, and were at once requested to undertake the conversion of the Editors of New York to the first principles of Christianity. But just as we were ready to enter upon our milky mission, the Chicago Convention nominated ABE the ABLE, and did not nominate WILLIAM the WILLING, and the chronic cannonading across Printing-House Square re-commenced with re-doubled roar. "HORACE and HENRY are at it again," said our Bloodthirsty Reporter to us, one morning, significantly. We fell forthwith into a fit of profound pondering, and as the result of our cogitations, the following proposals are offered to the high contending parties:

PEACE PROPOSALS.

1. Mr. HORACE GREELEY withdraws the expression "little villain;" and in consideration thereof, will be allowed to substitute the expression "great villain," which will be perfectly satisfactory to Mr. RAYMOND.

2. Mr. RAYMOND hereby expresses his regret at the unjustifiable liberty taken by him in calling upon Gov. SEWARD at Auburn, immediately after the Chicago Convention, and will not again call upon Gov. SEWARD without written permission from Mr. GREELEY.

3. Mr. RAYMOND, while adhering to his opinion that the late Mons. CHARLES FOURIER was a liar, a thief, a debauché, and Foe of Virgin Innocence, hereby admits that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, Mr. HORACE GREELEY, is not a liar, a thief, a debauché, and Foe of Virgin Innocence.

4. The Advertising of the Bank Returns, although by the confession of both gentlemen, it is not worth having, shall hereafter be awarded by skying a copper at Albany: Heads, *The Tribune*—Tails, *Times*; each man to furnish his own copper.

5. Each party, as soon after the ratification of this treaty as possible, shall publicly embrace the other at the foot of the Washington Statue in the Park; after which they shall drink together at Tammany Hall, according to the following formula:

BEER (small) - - - - MR. GREELEY.
BRANDY (for heroes) - - - MR. RAYMOND.

N. B. MR. GRELEY is to have brandy in the mild form of a smash—should he desire it.

Should these pacific proposals be rejected, why then we come to the dear, delightful duello—then, odds pistols and powder! we call in that mighty man of war, Gen JAMES WATSON WEBB. This, for several reasons, will be a sad alternative; because it must be evident to the reflecting mind that MR. GREELEY, all unfamiliar with the treacherous and ticklish pistol, may fall by his own hand, early in the action; and that, in any event, he will have small chance against the Hero of the Italian War. At any rate, we think that the meeting should be postponed until after the Presidential Election, because only then can it be determined, although the parties are not upon good terms, whether they have any interest in being upon bad ones. And yet, upon second thought, when we reflect upon the melancholy situation of the readers of the *Tribune* and the *Times*, condemned every evening to peruse the Editorial Sorrows and Personal Pangs of these Deadly Foes, we think the speedier the meeting the better. Only let us be notified in season, of the time and place of the dreadful encounter, that we may be there with one whole battalion of artists, poilosophers, reporters and poets. We make all these suggestions in the mildest of moods and in the blandest and most benignant spirit. We are satisfied that something must be done; that we must have War before we can have Peace; and that nothing but gore can allay the Tribulations of the *Tribune* and the Torments of the *Times*. We promise the survivor our sympathy, and the slain a neat obituary notice. Can we do more?

"Drink Deep, or Taste Not."

A political friend says that the politicians of this city are very busy, just now, preparing a Rough Draft of the Democratic Platform for the Baltimore Convention. It strikes us that the ones already prepared will make an uncommonly Rough Draught for the public throat to swallow!

Social Query for Prize-Fighters.

Got any 'Backer?

SLOW TORTURES FOR THE JAPS.

THE accomplished Japanners at Washington we hope will not forget, if they have ever heard it, the consoling remark made by HORACE one day, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* We know how hard it must seem to travel eight or nine thousand miles only to undergo a series of refined tortures, invented, patented and applied by unrefined American officials. The bare thought must sicken these spotless Niphonese souls. But, brave fellows! so far they have not shrunk from the inflictions got up expressly for the occasion. Let them screw up their courage still higher, let them reflect upon their duty to the old Tycoon at home, let them abide their remaining fate with becoming resignation and, in short, grin and bear it. We are reminded of the story of a Frenchman who caused his several successive wives to laugh, not indeed until they cried, but until they died, by a process at once singular and startling. Seizing a favorable opportunity, he would pinion their limbs, tie them down upon a table, and rolling up the cuffs of his coat, deliberately tickle the soles of their feet. Though certainly bad for the ladies, this was rare sport for Monsieur, and it is an ill wind that blows no one good. Now the amiable Jeddonese ought to consider themselves in the position of these unlucky females, and laughingly submit to the tickling operations of our Federal and various Municipal Governments until, from exhaustion, they fetch up *in articulo mortis.*

Thus far, as we said before, they have borne themselves very well, but their hardest rubs have yet to come. The President, the Cabinet, the naval officers, the ladies, the political grubs and the hotel waiters at our National Capital understand the art of Slow Torture *tolerably* well, but their knowledge is not a circumstance to the fertile imaginations of New-York Aldermen and Councilmen. Bah! A Metropolitan BOOLE can bore a rhinoceros or the Egyptian Sphinx to death in fifteen minutes, and then wax indignant if denied the privilege of holding a festive wake over the remains. No, no! dear Japanners, don't hope to leave the Empire City in any vehicle other than a hearse. Give orders for the style of burial cases you most affect at once; it will save time and lots of trouble.

True, like the well-whipped TOM SAYERS, you *may* possess extraordinary powers of endurance, and so be able to baffle for a long while, the combined attempts of His Honor and both Boards. We hope, for your sakes, that you will; but even then other mighty dangers will beset you on every side. For instance, your eyes will grow asquint from amazement at the ugliness of the City Fathers, the slovenliness of their costume, their swaggering gait and the enormous halos of vanity which encircle them. You will turn pale at sight of their jaws, which are always on exhibition, their tobacco juice, which is all over, and impudent familiarity which is supreme. Your nostrils will dilate wrathfully, and refuse to perform their functions because of the foul vapors wafted from their presence. And, moreover, look well to your purses, valuables, and wardrobes. Else we would not, nor would any New Yorker, be at all surprised to see Councilman This, or Alderman That, flaunting through Baxter and Mulberry streets, dressed out "to kill" in the latest Jeddo style, with two or three swords swinging at his side, and a few priceless rings, and other *bijouterie* flashing on his hands, and watch-guard. To the natural question, "Arrah, Terry, where did yez get all yer illigant silk dress?" Alderman This, or Councilman That, would tip his well-known wink, and reply, "Whist ye spalpeens! 'Twas wan of thim Japanase chaps I tuk dinner wid last night, as made me take the half av his trunk, or he'd hev run me trough and trough with two swords as quick as luk. Divil a lie!"

Probably the sublimest spectacle the Embassy will witness in the city will take place after the first grand dinner and panjandrum at the Metropolitan. This will be nothing more nor less than the total subjugation of their official hosts for a time. Having eaten, drank, smoked, speechified, sung, hurraed, and hiccoughed to satiety, every man of them will roll off his chair and under the table, just as quiet, save, perhaps, a snore or so, and as gentle as a lamb.

Unfortunately for the Orientals, this pleasant state of the Fathers cannot last long enough. A few hours at most, and they are ready to try it on again.

We have nothing further to add by way of advice to the Pitiable Bored unless that, in case they get safely through their visit, they invite our civic authorities to go back with them, and put them through a system of Japanning for the rest of their contemptible lives.

Where to get the best Fire Escapes.

From Philadelphia. Her firemen are celebrated for their escape-aids (escapades.)

BOSTON TO NEW YORK.

Well, my old Knickerbocker friend, how do you find yourself, this pleasant weather? Think there's a smart chance of a thaw, pretty soon? It's hot enough here to melt an iceberg. By the way, it's said that that fine fellow, DR. HAYES, the Arctic man, is extremely anxious to, in fact, go to extremes, and will be put off with nothing short of the North Pole itself. Now, my boy, I've a proposition. The Doctor is rather short of funds, however flush of enthusiasm, and I'm sure, for one, I don't think worse of him on that account. If you will furnish men, I will give a ship; or, if you prefer, I will provide a ship, if you will man it. Take your choice; I won't be mean. Perhaps, as I am rather more methodical than you, you will allow me to contribute the *ship*, as that is a definite amount, which can be charged to Profit and Loss, and that will be the end of it; whereas, *men* are not so readily ciphered out of one's mind. At my time of life, and considering my countless schemes of philanthropy, to say nothing of my gout, and a touch of the scrofula, I can't add *real anxiety* to my other cares, or even the obligation to keep a few sailors in my mind for two or three years. You are generous by nature, and are less abstract. I'm afraid I have always been too much a creature of mathematics.

Let me hear from you at your leisure.

Your old friend,

BOSTON.

The P. O. Matter Cancelled.

We have no idea of the value some men set on their whiskers, nor the reluctance with which they establish a pair of spectacles on their rapturous physiognomy, until after reading these remarks upon one who is,

Though lost to sight, to memory Dear.

"His (I. V. F——R's Esq.) luxuriant black whiskers having been shaved off on Sunday morning, and a pair of gold spectacles completely altering his appearance whenever placed in any situation where those not in his immediate confidence could see him. *This necessity of disguise must in itself have proved to a man of his personal pride a terrible almost compensating, punishment.*"

In homely English, then, this gentleman's loss of hair compensates, almost, for the Governmental loss of $155,000.

We hope the Government will take good care of the whiskers after this expensive Shave.

P. M. Peck's reasons for abolishing Beards in his Force.

1. *A Religious Reason.*—No outward distinction of Sects.

2. *A Social Reason.*—To enable them to disguise their employment, leaving one in doubt as to whether they were Male carriers or—otherwise.

3. *A Corrective Reason.*—Ensuring them a good Lathering semi-occasionally.

Modern Discovery.

We have found out why the songs of Leander, in the 'Invisible Prince,' are so well done; it is because of the *timbre* of Wood's voice.

One from the Mining Districts.

Pennsylvania, always influenced by its Iron interests, is sure to go for Lincoln, simply because he is the "Rail Candidate."

Quotation for the readers of the "Dutch Republic."

"Motley's your only wear."

THE WAR OF WORDS.

THE Campaign has at last fairly begun—GREELEY has crossed the frontier, and the Hero of Mincio's Elbows has planted himself in his way.

Two days after the Defeat of SEWARD at Chicago, the first battle between these Republican leaders took place. Both armies have adopted the new style of deadly weapon, so extensively used at Washington—Words. GREELEY openly declares his liking for this dangerous invention; accordingly he has established manufactories and arsenals for the occasion, and the Pen really bids fair to become mightier than the Sword. The GREELEY troops were stationed in Printing-House Square, on the morning of the 23d, when the reverberation of RAYMOND'S artillery was heard from the Mohawk. In anticipation of his nearer approach, a scene of bustling preparation ensued in the White Hat and Feather camp. Next day GREELEY responded from the mouths of a hundred Squibs, thickly planted against the enemy's front. The Columns of the *Times* and *Tribune* now filed in, in close ordHe and awaited the signal for attack upon one another. A shell, in the shape of a letter from GREELEY, decided the movements of the leaders, who, accordingly, ordered their men to advance without delay. The charges on either side were heavy, and the loss of ink and time very great. The battle then became close and general—a number of volunteers rapidly filling up the openings made in the opposing ranks. At this early hour more particulars cannot be given, but it is feared that GREELEY will not be able to hold out many hours longer. All is noise, carnage and confusion. By the vivid flashes of the guns, GREELEY'S White Hat and Coat are distinctly seen, from time, to time madly galloping about, ordering and countermanding, as occasion requires.

All hopes of peace are at present out of the question. The amount of heavy Words used is enormous; Walker, Webster, Worcester, and Johnson are nearly exhausted in their attempts to supply the demands of the belligerents. Nothing has been known to equal the present conflict since the terrible days of Babel.

Yet all cry "Fiat justitia ruat cœlum."

Spurgeon's Wit.

Here is the very best *bon mot* of MR. SPURGEON, made on Monday night last, at a meeting of his supporters in behalf of the new Tabernacle. The list of contributors being read over * * a MR. PIG was called out as having given a guinea. "That," said MR. SPURGEON, 'is a guinea-pig."—*English Paper.*

Mr. Spurgeon had better take care. This prodigal waste of wit will not be tolerated in this country. Before he is aware of it, he may be exposed to two dreadful alternatives either to become Bonnerized, and aid the Wit and Wisdom column of the *Ledger*, or else to undergo the ordeal of being Edited by the Literary Editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, with copious notes. Better stick to your theology, Mr. Spurgeon, unless you have no regard for our finer feelings, which would be outraged in either case.

A CHAPTER ON WORDS.

BY HIM OF THE BUTTONS.

What are Words? Saith Webster: "Articulate and vocal sounds or combinations of such sounds, by custom expressing *certain* ideas." Saith Talleyrand: "Masks whereby to conceal thoughts." Say I: Articulate and vocal combinations of sound, various and mutative according to time, place, and circumstances of pronunciation, and by custom expressing the most *un*certain and contradictory ideas. And I pronounce my definition more comprehensive than M. de Tallyrand's, and more accurate than gossip Webster's.

Somebody once said (was it Mrs. Grundy?) that "everything depends on position." With regard to the meaning of words, everything (pretty much) depends upon *im*position. You often don't recognise a word, to-day, that you thought you knew intimately, yesterday. Yesterday it was sweet; to-day it is bitter; yesterday serious; to-day absurd; yesterday clever; to-day stupid; in short, yesterday black; to-day white—and *idem*, through all the other colors.

Mrs. Muffet says: Jenks "is a *nice* young man." Mrs. M. *means* that he is a good sort of young man to have about a house where there's a marriageable young woman, or an elderly female to take to evening church, or both. Nipps, the 'special,' says that the 'dodger' whom he just caught in the act of picking 'Jenks' pocket, "is a *nice* young man." By which *he* (N.) means, that the 'dodger' is an audacious young reprobate.

There's a *nice* distinction for you!

Blobber says he'll dine with you, "with all his *heart*." He *means* with all his bow—— digestive apparatus. Miss Blobber says she'll marry you, with all *her* heart." *She* means with all her—*expectations*. Walking by a "sequestered stream &c.," with Alfred, Amelia exclaims: "*isn't* this *pleasant?*" by which she *means* delightful, romantic, &c.

A sudden shower overtakes them. Amelia, dripping and shivering under a tree, exclaims: "well! *this* is *pleasant!* By which she *means*, this is disgusting, &c.

The Rev. Blather Skyte says, "Brother Doolittle is a really *good* man." The Rev. B. S. *means* that Brother D. subscribes liberally to the fund of the East African Mission, whereto goeth the Rev. B. S., (having nothing to do further, in this privileged land, where every human being is a pure and enlightened Christain, and where moral darkness, wretchedness, and vice, are as words in an unknown tongue) intent to teach the Sampantagoochook heathens and cannibals, the blessings of 'revealed religion,' and 'cold boiled' ——mutton.

Bullem says "Doolittle is a *good* man;" *meaning* simply that he (B.) would take his (D's) 'paper' without hesitation—at a *very slight* discount.

Finally, as a last example—equally felicitous to say the least—of the untrustworthiness of words in "mixed society;" *I* say: "I *sincerely* hope I have not *bored* you with my *humor*:" *meaning*, "You must be very stupid if you have not relished this truthful and witty article of mine. *You* say: "Oh! your *humorous* essay has *not bored* us in *the least; quite* the *contrary*." Whereby *you* mean: "Your (*i.e. my*) confounded prosy nonsense is enough to make one swear never to buy another copy of VANITY FAIR!" Don't swear!! and I'll stop instanter, and not do so again!

The See! The See!

It is rumored that the Pope is about to evacuate Rome, with the intention of transferring the Father of all Sees—the Papa-cy—from the eternal city to the everlasting United States. If his Holiness *will* emigrate, let us suggest to him that the locality known as the Five Points, in this city, would be a rather eligible site than otherwise, for his new Vatican—at least it would be a sight better than none. The conversion of Cow Bay from a diabolical swamp into a Holy See, would indeed be a practical miracle at which few except the editor of the *Herald*, would be likely to cavil—that piratical poetaster, of course, going in for Washington Heights as the cis-atlantic seven hills of the new foundation. Only think, too, of the substitution of the Cardinal Virtues in that dissolute rookery for the seven deadly sins! the Legitimate Spirit for the spurious Bourbon—the Scarlet Hat for the Scarlet Woman. Truly no longer the Five Points, but the Cardinal Points. And then the magnificent fitness of things by the elimination of which the Papal Bull shall at length have found an asylum in Cow Bay! Let the city fathers, too, take into their earnest consideration the benefits derivable by their charge from such a movement. For instance, how much better the total annihilation of the Five Pointers than a puny tax upon city Curs.

Chronological.

The gentleman who formerly held the place of Superintendant of the Time-Ball on the Custom House, Dropped it yesterday, at noon.

WANTED—A WHALER.

OLD SAM.—Now, then, young 'un, put it in, or them darned English fellers will have her.

THE NEW BRUTUS.

The ancient and more or less authentic histories of old time, tell us that the great Cæsar was done to death, and very badly done at that, in the Roman Capitol, at the base of the statue of Pompey, by those who had profes-ed to be his warmest friends and backers.

Brutus, the rough and unkempt orator, whom Cæsar had looked upon as his right-hand man, dealt the most fatal and insidious blow of all, with a stylus—the sharp steel point with which writing was performed in those days. Through the wound of this stylus, the mighty Cæsar's life flowed out—a purple stream of sacrifice to the treacherous friendship of his seeming supporter. Verily, a sad comment upon the sincerity of political loves!

Well, it has remained for this humanitarian and exalted age—for this loving and warm-hearted republic—for this campaign of 1860, to furnish a historical parallel to that fatal scene in the Capitol. Great Cæsar Seward has fallen at the feet of Pompey Lincoln's statue, in the Wigwam of Chicago. His erstwhile friends turned upon him with the keen blades of speech and ballot; and Brutus Greeley, the rough and unkempt orator, for fourteen years his right-hand man, inflicted the fatal wound, like his prototype of old, with the sharp and searching steel-pen. It was through this wound that Cæsar Seward's political life ebbed forth.

So, gathering his robes about him, the mighty demagogue went down, to bite the dust upon the Wigwam floor—politically dead beyond resuscitation. There let him rest, but if remorse can find place in Brutus Greeley's heart, must he not shudder when, in darkness and alone, he hears the echo of those last sad words: "Et tu Brute?"

SUNDAY COMING ON MONDAY.

We have become accustomed to hear a regular standing boast in this country—this glorious, free, and enlightened Republic—to the effect that every man, woman, and child, could get a Common School Education—often very common—and have his or her Religious Liberty respected. From earliest childhood, we have been taught that all creeds and sects were tolerated here, Jesuits, Perfectionists, Hard-Shell Baptists, Spiritualists, Mormons, and Presbyterians; that however eccentric the form of expression might be, all religious holidays could be observed as the observer pleased.

We don't mean in the *New York Observer*.

Sunday, the 27th of May, was Whitsunday, called Pfingst-Sontag by the Germans, with whom it is kept as a religious holiday, to commemorate the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. The Germans make it a day for communion with nature—with the "groves," which, as one of our most Eminently Respectable poets once said "were God's first Temples."

For lack of more proximate and natural groves, our Teutonic population have generally sought Jones's Woods on Whitsunday, there to pay homage to in-coming Summer. According to usage so time-honored that it has become part and parcel of the religious holiday, they celebrate it with song, dance, beer-drinking, gymnastics, and other laborious but inoffensive German aids to hilarity.

But now, our lofty magnates—our spotless, immaculate, and incorruptible Albany Village Legislature—who believe so devoutly in freedom of speech, of press, and of belief above all, say that the Teutonic observance of Whitsunday is immoral, and must either be stopped altogether, or postponed till Monday. The Germans submitted, and made a Sabbath of a week-day, to please our legislators from the agricultural districts. Good! To have a pleasant social gathering out of doors, on Sunday, is a misdemeanor. Bribe voters, if you will. Oppress the metropolis with railroads they don't want. Legislate all sorts of absurd enactments down our throats. Cheat, lie, and swindle if you like, but don't sing songs and drink lager-bier under the green trees and blue skies on Sunday! Go to the Rev. John Biblebanger's last, but not to God's first, temple!

Well, let us have the singing birds prohibited from trilling their little songs on the Sabbath for which Man was made, or else ——let us wipe out the Albany Village Legislature!

"Something for the Marines."

The Increased Navy Pay.

Easily Recognised.

An Alderman in Disguise.

MARK ANTONY RAYMOND
CÆSAR SEWARD.

CASCA BLAIR.
BRUTUS GREELEY.

"ET TU, GREELEY?"

THE ELOPEMENT.

A Ballad.

I.

'Tis all of General Bynum,
And Miss Phipps, of Tennessee,
(Let Cupid's wreaths entwine 'em!)
I chant this melody.

II.

He, brave as any lion
That Gerard e'er did shoot,
His luck in love did try on
At the Spingler Institute.

III.

So stunning was her beauty,
Her hair, her eyes, her lips,
He thought it was his duty
To wed the lovely Phipps.

IV.

The teachers—well, he sold them,
As sure as you do live—
He took and went and told them
She was his relative.

V.

And so he went to visit
The maid, who kept it mum—
As mum as the What Is It,
At Barnum's Museum.

VI.

Until one day the teachers
Upon the truth did hit;
And said that Bynum's features
Were not like her's a bit!

VII.

Mrs. Abbott—that's the lady
Who keeps the school up there—
Began to be afraid he
Wasn't acting on the square.

VIII.

So, lest there might upon her
Some share of blame be thrown,
She made him swear, on honor,
He'd let Miss Phipps alone.

IX.

Alas, for frailty human!
True passion's joy and pain
Are too strong for man or woman—
He went straight back again!

X.

Up to the Institution
Straightway his steps he bent,
And without the least confusion
His card up stairs he sent.

XI.

When Mrs. Abbott read it
She said 'it was a shame—
The call did him no credit'—
But still, down stairs she came.

XII.

And ere three words were spoken
Miss Phipps appeared likewise.
(That Bynum's word was broken
For her, is no surprise.)

XIII.

So fair she was, so pretty,
You couldn't blame him well
If, such a prize to get, he
A little fib did tell!

XIV.

The General took her gently
About the waist, and said,
Regarding her intently,
"Art ready, love, to wed?"

XV.

The maiden turned and faced him,
And as with a stifled sigh,
She lovingly embraced him,
Said faintly "That am I!"

XVI.

"Then hasten to my carriage!"
The General quick replied,
"And in the bonds of marriage
We'll speedily be tied!"

XVII.

Then Mrs. Abbott, seeking
To stop such goings-on,
Seized hold of Bynum, shrieking
For Dick, and Tom, and John.

XVIII.

But some swift movement made he,
And laid her on the floor—
Then went to join his lady,
Who waited at the door.

XIX.

They tarried not a minute—
Fairest maid and boldest man,
As if the deuce was in it,
Down stairs together ran.

XX.

Then Mrs. Abbott followed,
Though their speed she couldn't touch;
"Stop that ruffian!" she hollowed
—They didn't stop him, much!

XXI.

The carriage, swiftly sweeping
Down-townward, like the wind,
Left Mrs. Abbott weeping
On her doorstep, far behind.

XXII.

The wedding-rooms were lighted,
The wedding-ring was bought,
And so, to be united,
The St. Nicholas they sought.

XXIII.

While high hopes wove a garland
Of the fairest flowers of life,
The Reverend McFarland
Pronounced them man and wife.

XXIV.

None happier, in the city
Can now be found, than they—
But I notice 'tis a pity
About poor Mrs. A!

Tip us your Paddle!

The annexed curious paragraph attracts our attention in an exchange.

"The negro man whom we mentioned in our last as having murdered an old negro woman, in this District, was tried on Wednesday last by a Magistrate's court, and sentenced to receive two hundred paddles and be banished from the State."

What does it mean? Were the paddles intended to typify that it was all O'er with him? Yet that could not be, for he was sentenced to be banished. We marvel much how the extraordinary gifts were presented to the colored person. To place the paddles all in a Row would naturally suggest itself as the most appropriate way. If killing a negro woman obtains for the murderer a presentation of paddles, we wonder what crime in the decalogue would entitle him to a canoe.

Name for a Conductor on a horse Rail Road.

'Oscar

SPORTS OF THE PERIOD.

ABOUT the vicinity of last Summer we (the popular American, not the editorial we) solemnly concluded that in certain peculiarly original and startling feats, successfully tried on by us, we could not be beaten. Furthermore, we were of the opinion that we could not beat ourselves. Grand mistake! Fatal miscalculation! It will not do for us, go-a-double-head creatures, to think of putting up boundaries to our wonderful powers. We shall break them all down in our desperate attempts to reach a still further *ultima thule*—hold! that will not do! We scorn an *ultima thule*—mistaken Greek notion—very well for the Ancients and English, but not at all equal to our capacity as a people.

Well! What did we do last Summer? Or, rather, what did we not do?

Introduced a man who could walk on the water, and a couple of tight-rope champions to do one or two very unusual things at Niagara and Rochester. Later there came a Gorilla and a Red-Horned Mortal in the novelty market. A dearth of sensations seemed imminent, when lo! the Zoyara and counterpart What-Is-It emerged from the chrysalides.

This year finds us more irrepressible than ever. De Lave, who ought to have been killed, to fulfil public expectation, still lives, but hopes to do away with himself effectually before long. He announces that he has hired a large portion of New Jersey, including the Passaic River. Here he will stretch a rope from cliff to cliff, and thereon stretch his legs to the delectation of countless eager eyes. The particulars of his performances will surpass anything hitherto attempted in this world—no! the Jerseys. On the other hand, (to preserve the balance of power) the opposition man, Blondin, means to challenge the laws of gravitation to another friendly encounter, quite in the B. B. style. The scene of action is again to be laid at Niagara—so are the reckless Blondin's remains, perhaps, if he leaves any. This time, no cooking-stove arrangement, no drunken orgies, no high-heel boot absurdities are to take place; nothing but your first-class dare-devil feats. Mounted on shanghai stilts, cigar in mouth, and hands in his pockets, he will turn summersaults, and also the heads of spectators. This will be truly delightful. We can only suggest one improvement in the bills of fare of these dainty gentlemen, and that is to obtain a *full* corps of artists from the various Insane Asylums, and, giving each his cue, go on a starring expedition. Certainly "the more (fools) the merrier."

A NAUGHTY DEED DONE BY THE NAUGHTY EDITOR OF V. F.

Not many million years ago we (not the *Good* but the *Naughty* Editor of V. F.) were crossing that arid waste known as The Park—an occurrence, to be sure, quite out of the Common for us. For we hold that the lustre of a man's character is dimmed if he be seen approaching or leaving the City Hall.

Well, it (*i.e.* the weather) was charged with caloric; the atmosphere had succeeded in being very oppressive; the sandy plain in front of the Hall was as dry and parched as an Alderman's lips; the celebrated statue of Brown (stone) by Thom, representing General WHO-IS-IT? looked as if the Sun had sucked all the perspiratory fluid out of it, and was on the point of singing its hair and toasting its eyeballs. Truly it was warm. You would not have blamed a dog for disregarding the mandate "KEEP OFF THE GRASS"—IF YOU SEE ANY, if he thought it would be anyways chilly. There were dogs on some dozen or twenty blades of grass, and that is the truth. Small boys and men tried it on also, underneath the lean, consumptive trees. There they lay, spread out like clothes to dry, and dozed and snored to the great delight of swarms of festive flies, fur-coated kitten-erpillars and gymnastic worms. So they did. We could not help seeing all this, and more. In particular the occupant of one carefully selected spot, attracted our notice. It struck us that we had seen or read about, or written about him before. So we had.

We stopped. We whistled, and straightway Small Boy appeared.

"Black yer boots, Mister? Shine 'em up?"

"No! But hold! that's not enough!" we repljed. "Hark ye, Small Boy! Do you observe the man fast asleep behind the Statue?"

"I'll bet I does! Vot of 'im?"

"T'is well!" said we. "Here! take these ten American cents—now do as you are told!"

"That's me! Bully for you, Mister! Blowed if I does'nt!"

"Listen! Draw near and scan his features—see whether he has a single eye!"

We paused until the Boy, returning, said: "Nary a whisker, and only one whoppin big eye."

"Ahem! Small Boy, do you see that little book which he has dropped beside him on the grass?"

"I should'nt wonder if I does!"

"No noise! Go fetch it!"

It was brought. We whistled again, and sped away.

o o o o o o o o o o o

NOTE. This little transaction at first blush, wears the appearance of a petty larceny, but it was not. Being done so near the City Hall, it really sinks into an act of heroic virtue, contrasted with deeds daily perpetrated therein. Besides it was not us, but the S. B. who hooked the book.—(NAUGHTY EDITOR.

THE NAUGHTY EDITOR REPENTS OF THE NAUGHTY DEED AND MAKES AMENDS.

When we had got safely home we read the little book and were astonished. Since then we have grown repentant. We are sorry that we do not know the present address of the little book's owner, so that we might restore it to him. Nobody can tell us where he is, or is going to be. He is here, there and all over, constantly bobbing and bobbing around. We feel very sorry. Probably he is in great need of his book—it is of no use to any one but the owner.

Our conscience leaves us only one course to pursue, and that is to publish its contents, or at least some of them, in hopes that he will see our paper. Of course he can have his book by applying at our office. As a favor, we respectfully beg all our Readers except *him*, not to read the following notes and memoranda, since they are intended for his EYE only—(*i. e.* Single Eye.)

DIARY FOR 1860.

New-York, Jan. 2*d.*—Took oath of office for third time. Mean to make some folks "Dance Spanish." Shall discharge Captain LEONARD from attendance at office. Cause, Personal Hatred.

Jan. 13*th.*—Turn out all the Bell Ringers, no matter how old, worthy, or useful.

Jan. 20*th.*—Deposited to my account, Nett Proceeds of offices under my control, $25,000.

Jan. 29*th.*—Paid rent of Mozart Hall for 3 months, $1,360 (to be charged to office expenses.)

Feb. 4*th.*—The STRANGER'S BUREAU hangs fire. Remember to cut off ———'s head for writing it down in the *Tribune.*

Feb. 11*th.*—Advanced to BILLY M——N $584, for services to be rendered me by his men at Charleston, April next.

Feb. 20*th.*—Turned out 19 policemen for grumbling about me. Must have "Spotters" to check this dissatisfied feeling.

March 5*th.* Mean to snub PILLSBURY till he quits.

March 25*th.*—WISE is making a fool of himself and damaging our prospects. "Revenge is sweet."

March 28*th.*—Fee for signature to ——— $450 00.

April 9*th.*—I have just returned from stumping Connecticut. Think I played my points pretty well.

April 11*th.*—Fees for signing 3 bills, $1164 00.

April 15*th.*—En route for Charleston. 300 delegates with me. Shall make the place hotter for Tammany men than they expect.

April 20*th.*—Bonus for services to Messrs. ——— $670 00.

April 23*d.*—Foiled, but not defeated. Shall try again at Baltimore. "He who fights and runs away, etc." People seem to take too much interest in my private affairs, must get T——r B—— to write me up.

May 2*d.*—Made a show by two or three vetoes.

May 8*th*, 9*th*, 10*th.*—Confound BOOLE! Those rascals will raise an investigation committee about the whole of us, if they keep on. FOWLER seems glum. COVODE will make somebody squirm.

May 13*th.*—Proceeds of offices deposited, $41,330 81.

Why is the Pen Mightier than the Sword

Because it is better adapted for Rulers to use when Righting their Subjects.

"LO! THE POOR JAPANESE."

WHEN that sonorous lament—"Lo! the poor Indian," falls upon the ear, it is apt to convey to the reflective hearer a suggestion of the Low moral condition to which the impoverished aborigine in question has been reduced by his contact with Anglo-Saxon civilization. If the State of Nature had never been cut up into stars for the manufacture of United States, the apparition of a Six Nation Sagamore in patent-leather boots, liquor and spectacles, might have been spared to the sensitive mind whose ever-green recreation is to roll itself in the clover of the Cooper traditions. The power of imparting his peculiar conceptions of iniquity, is one of the specialities by which the American individual has contributed to aggregate his nation into the position of a Great Power. We instructed the Indian: elevated him, literally, and that with bad whiskey. We told him that an aboriginal man was an unclean thing, and he thereupon rubbed himself so hard to get a polish that he has all but rubbed himself out. Respect us for this, O! contemporary Powers, if for this only—that we are a great nation of India Rubber men.

Is it with a prospective view to the East that we have initiated a Japanese legation? When our most cherished conception of the heroic in bronze was demolished by the Indian warrior in patent leather boots, liquor and spectacles, we recognised in the apparition the presage of a fallen man, with a prospect of ourselves comfortably settled down upon the hunting-grounds recently occupied by him. If the Anglo-Saxonified Indian is gone, how much gone-er the Japan man similarly adulterated! The process is going on, favorably. At the White House, lately, when asked by a lady what his favorite color is, BUNGO-NO-KAMI confidently replied "nary red." MORYAMA has written "koktail" all over the walls of the White House, in excellent English. We are waiting to see MOOROOM OKATORO in a black dress coat and satin vest. When that portent looms upon the horizon of our hopes, we shall immediately proceed to invest the considerable sum of money payable to us for this article in real estate at Yeddo.

A POLITICIENNE.*

It is not very common for us to be so overwhelmingly kind as to notice a new publication, though that is a good deal more the fault of the books than of ourself. But a little *brochure* was sent us the other day, "with the compliments of the authoress," that really ought not to pass unnoticed. It is a small volume of political satires of the keenest sort, and were it not for the autograph presentation written on the title-page, we would not have believed it the work of a woman.

The members of that large and influential body, the Fair Sex, rarely have any heart or head for politics. They don't see it, as a general thing. But "JUDITH," the authoress of this collection, evinces a knowledge of the whole governmental machine and its workings, that would do credit to the chief-editor of a daily paper. Indeed, she would make an excellent *journaliste* (something new under the sun, in spite of SOLOMON!) of the slap-dash school.

Her preface is a good specimen of the spirit of bitter good-nature in which this "Loving Satire" is written, and as she has had the good sense to make it short, we will copy it.

"This little book of 'New Nursery Rhymes' is presented by the writer as filling a vacuum in our political and social literature. Childhood has its ballads, manhood its songs and epics, firing the blood like strong wine; but where has there ever yet been a poet of dotage—a singer for that estate of second childhood, which is so much more simple than the first? The writer is especially prompted to undertake the task, since the American people have seen fit to elevate to the seats of power so many of these superannuated children.

"Dear babes—dear in every sense, and particularly in the sense of 'not cheap'—they shall not be without their singer. If the lullaby of the writer can, amid their many cares, sooth them into some few hours of quiet slumber, then, indeed, will her task have been performed. Let her labors afford to them that sweet repose which they can never hope from innocence alone. Let them retire to the chime of her verse, into that delicious private life which now awaits them."

And amen! There is a fresh crispness about this almost worthy the pens of some of Our Young Men, and the same tone pervades all the annotations, critical and explanatory, with which the book is interlarded, ostensibly by another writer, but evidently by JUDITH herself.

The work is divided into two parts: Part I, "Especially devoted to the President and his Cabinet," and Part II, "Miscellaneous Ballads and Popular Ditties;" all terribly anti-Administration and terribly libellous, exposing the brilliant and picturesque condition of corruption into which our blessed government has fallen, and giving many hard slaps in various directions.

We fancy that JUDITH is a Republican in her own politics, she seems so glad to decapitate the HOLOFERNES of the Administration, but she has had the good taste to avoid making her work unpopular by openly intruding the creed of the Republican Faction in its pages. In conclusion, we cannot do better than to copy a brief squib, which will convey a very clear idea of the ingenious, strong, and severe, though inelegant style of the New Nursery Rhymes. It may be premised that the Hon. JACOB THOMPSON, Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, Attorney-General of the United States, and the Hon. LEWIS CASS, Secretary of State, are the gentlemen thus lightly mentioned:

RIDDLE.

From Jake take three; from Black take two;
From Cass a hundred take;
What sort of animal will you
With the remainder make?

(From Jake take the three last letters; from Black, the two first; from Cass the Roman numeral C; and in the remainder of the letters, the ears of the questionable animal will begin to stick out.)

*NEW NURSERY RHYMES FOR POLITICAL BABIES. A LOVING SATIRE. By JUDITH. N. Y. J. L. MAGURN, 1860.

SYLLABLES OF A DISCOURSE,

Preached by Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, May 16th, 1860.

TREES.—Apple-trees, peach-trees, cherry-trees, pear-trees, forests.

BIRDS.—Fowls of the air, weather-sparrows, robins, blue-birds, yellow birds, geese, bobolinks.

FLOWERS.—Silent lessons in pink, or peach-blossoms, silent lessons in white, or pear-blossoms, silent lessons "in both colors," or apple-blossoms, dandelions.

NEGROES.—One.

FISHES.—None.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL.—Dark cool rocks, broad fields, shades, wood-lands.

DIFFERENT POSITIONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.—1. "All day long thinking sometimes birds, sometimes Bible, sometimes flowers, sometimes Savior" and "finding it difficult to tell when the transition is, from one to the other."

2. H. W. B. sitting and looking at the meadows.

3. H. W. B. at the West with a hard-up congregation.

4. H. W. B. in the country, in town, on a tour, "wandering from one thing to another" "in straitened circumstances," in "a humble berth."

5. H. W. B. "coming down from the country where his family are stopping."

6. H. W. B. hearing "a bobolink singing a wild sarcastic descant."

7. H. W. B. thinking "preaching dry work."

8. His congregation thinking the same thing.

REPETITION OF THE GENERAL PRONOUN "I" DURING THIS DISCOURSE.—One hundred and seventeen.

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH AN ANGEL.—One.

WHAT THE ANGEL SAID.—"Henry, I am sent to tell thee, &c."

COLOR OF THE ANGEL.—White.

Vice Versa.

Under the ancient Jewish dispensation, if a man had certain domestic difficulties, he could Put Away his wife. Now-a-days, under the same circumstances, he can Put Away from her!

Standing Joke.

Passenger Railway Conductor asking a man to 'take a seat' when there are ten full-grown hoops in the car.

OUR RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

Frederick.—"PRAY DON'T BE SO WARM ABOUT IT, SIR—IT'S ONLY THE *style Japonaise*, EVERYBODY DOES IT."

Old Gunnybags.—"STEEL JAPANESE, INDEED! YOU EXTRAVAGANT PUPPY! I'VE PAID FOR YOUR COATS AND YOUR HATS LONG ENOUGH, SIR, MERCY KNOWS, BUT HANG ME IF I FOOT ANY BILLS FOR SILK PETTICOATS."

Please Don't!

By the E-dicts of the Hon. John A. of the same name, we learn that changes have been made in the New York Post Office "that will materially reduce the income of some of the clerks." As the salaries of 'some of the clerks' are already sufficiently small, we recommend that these retrenchments be carefully considered before any action is taken, lest the P. O. men should, in the desperation of poverty, embrace other callings, and some of the most reckless of them become, perhaps—horrible contingency!—Counter-Jumpers!

We Wonder

The *Herald's* Washington correspondent describing an interview he had with the gentle Japs., reported the Head of the Nation to have said of the Embassadors, "They can't understand me, at all." Couldn't the Covode Committee have helped them a little?

A Horrible Suspicion

The 'Local' irritation of a country exchange, speaking of the members of a certain Brass Band, says that he knows its members to be high-toned gentlemen. Do you think he meant a joke?

Jest adapted to the Infant Mind.

The Juveniles of this city have reason to be thankful for the defalcation of Fowler, since our Post Office is now changed into Dix's Land.

The Last Actress to Lumber up the Stage

Mrs. John Wood.

Motto for Wood Cutters.

Hew and Cry.

AN OASIS.

It is not very often that we have an opportunity to commend the actions of any of our city authorities, for the somewhat satisfactory reason that our city authorities very rarely perform any commendable actions. Once in a long while, however, we find such a chance, and are only too happy to improve it.

Thus, we congratulate His Honor, Mayor WOOD, upon his course in recently presenting the Common Council with a piece of his mind in the shape of a letter of veto, the style of which we rather like. We copy it with a hope that His Honor will "do so some more."

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, May 21, 1860.

To the Hon. the Board of Councilmen:

GENTLEMEN; I return herewith the resolution proposing to print five thousand copies of the report of the Special Committee appointed in 1858 to make arrangements for the celebration of the Atlantic Cable.

If the report possessed any merit, which is doubtful, it is quite certain that no public interest can attach to it at this time. That celebration—the event which created it—the attending circumstances and performances upon the occasion—have passed away and have no longer any public value.

But however meritorious, the charter intervenes to prevent the publishing of the report, except by contract under and upon sealed bids and after publicly advertising ten days. This restriction of the charter is imperative and must control. It presents an inseparable barrier to the adoption of this resolution. I therefore return it without approval.

FERNANDO WOOD.

The unblushing impudence—we might say the unblushing Cheek—of the Common Council, in passing such a resolution, is a little startling, coming even from such a notoriously corrupt body. But, in spite of the bare-facedness of the speculation, these gentlemen of the civic bay-wreath claim that the Mayor's veto came too late, not having been presented until after the ten days legally allowed for the sending of a veto. They claim, therefore, that their hash is already cooked, and that the Dear Public must pay, whether or no, for five thousand copies of a report descriptive of one of the most humiliating farces ever juggled upon the nation—the great Much-Ado-About-Nothing of the 1st of September, 1858.

Since this is the game of the grave and reverend seigniors who sit in the City Hall, we may shortly expect a resolution providing for the publication of a full report of the great Moon Hoax; or for five thousand copies of a pamphlet upon the celebrated Fiji Mermaid. If these should come, in due course, let Mayor WOOD take care to have his veto ready in time to nip them in the bud. Meanwhile, he may win many good opinions by looking sharp after the nice little budget of fat and facetious resolutions, still pending before the Common Council.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

LETTER FROM "BEETHOVEN" TO WM. H. FRY.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1860.

Dear Sir:—Can you inform a sincere lover of the art you so ably represent, why none of the great composers have written one handed music for the piano? I myself, am a very fine one-handed player, and greatly feel the want of compositions suited to my capacities. There is no doubt, but that almost every melody written for the piano, is spoiled by the accompaniment, which interrupts its flow, and distracts the attention. What the ear wants is unity. If nature had intended me to play with two hands, would she not have made them both right ones? Only by long practice can the performer learn to finger with his left, and even then, he *continually* makes mistakes. It is possible, however, that Mozart, Handel, or others, may have written music intended for one hand only, in which case please let me know their names, and how much they come to.

I should prefer them to be sacred music, which I find much easier to play, than the flippant waltzes which are so popular. The unlimited use of grace notes, and fast little crotchets, *must* lead to confusion. With Dr. Johnson, I wish such pieces were "not only difficult, but, sir, impossible." But in sacred music, the notes are generally long, and I have time while playing one note, to try and find the next.

Respectfully,

"BEETHOVEN."

To Wm. H. Fry, Esq.

ROCKHILL & WILSON,

603 & 605 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

MEN AND BOYS CLOTHING,

Of the finest fabrics and most fashionable make.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

To which we invite the attention of the public.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS.

AND

PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

IN ALL CASES OF

ASTHMA, ACUTE and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM,

AFFECTIONS of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS,

BILIOUS FEVERS and LIVER COMPLAINTS.

In the South and West, where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers and others, who once use these Medicines, will never afterwards be without them.

COSTIVENESS, COLDS & COUGHS, CHOLIC.

DYSPEPSIA.—No person with this distressing disease should delay using these medicines immediately

Eruptions of the Skin, Erysipelas, Flatulency.

FEVER AND AGUE.—For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these medicines is permanent. Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

Foulness of Complexion,

General Debility,

Gout, Giddiness, Gravel, Headache of every kind, Inward Fever, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Never fails to eradicate entirely all the effects of Mercury infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these medicines was cured of Piles of 35 years standing by the use of these Life Medicines alone.

Pains in the head, side, back, limbs, joints, and organs.

RHEUMATISM.—Those afflicted with this terrible disease will be sure of relief by the Life Medicines.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, in its worst forms, Ulcers of every description.

Worms, of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines. Parents will do well to administer them whenever their existence is suspected. Relief will be certain.

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS
PURIFY THE BLOOD,
and thus remove all disease from the system.
WM. B. MOFFAT, Proprietor,
335 Broadway, N. Y.

THE HUDSON

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

THE LONDON ART JOURNAL FOR APRIL,

is now ready, containing Part IV. of a new series of Papers descriptive of the course of the Hudson, from its source to the Sea, by BENSON J. LOSSING, profusely illustrated with Original Engravings on wood from actual sketches taken in the autumn of the past year.

The number for April also contains Three Beautiful Steel Engravings, and numerous Engravings on wood.

The number for January commences a new volume, and affords a favorable opportunity for new subscribers.

Subscription $3 a year, or 75 cts. a month.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high meral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press,*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."—*N. Y. Crayon.*

VANITY FAIR

IS ISSUED REGULARLY ON THURSDAY OF EVERY WEEK,

and is for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum.—Six cents single copy.

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Two copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for	$5 00
Five copies	13 00
Ten copies	23 00
Twenty copies	40 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of not less than five copies.

This paper is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York.

MANY EMINENT PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND WING'S FARINA CRACKERS AS ONE of the most useful delicacies ever prepared, particularly for ladies. It is found that at such times as it may be necessary for patients to confine themselves to food free from all feverish tendency, these Crackers prove to be most excellent.

The kind action of this food, and its ready assimilation with the juices of the stomach it is believed, render this article greatly superior to the ordinary preparations resorted to while under medical treatment.

In a state of great debility, or when food is necessary which does not require masticating, soak WING'S CRACKERS in cold water until they separate into spongy, tender flakes; then, if necessary warm and sweeten, or flavor as shall be most acceptable. When proper, good milk may be added.

In either way, one of the most healthful and delicate nourishments is prepared that can be conceived of, not only for adults, but for those of a tender age.

Ask your grocer for
WING'S CRACKERS,
And take none but those stamped with the name
"A. WING."

These may be had of the best family grocers generally, and at wholesale only of

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